

## WASHINGTON CRITIC



EVERY EVENING

WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY.

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THE CRITIC,

543 D STREET,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 15, 1890.

RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

To-day Mr. R. J. Meigs, clerk of the

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia,

has entered upon his 90th year.

Born in 1801, on the 14th day of April,

Mr. Meigs in his long span of life has

seen two important foreign wars, one of

which witnessed the capture and destruc-

tion of the Capital and threatened the

integrity of the country. The other

resulted in a vast acquisition of terri-

tory, now among the most valuable of

our possessions. Indeed, he was a

healthy, growing child when President

Jefferson, by a skillful coup d'etat, ac-

quired the vast region then known as

Louisiana from the great Napoleon.

Mr. Meigs was a young man when

Lafayette paid his second visit to this

country. He saw the rise of that strange

religious delusion, Mormonism, which

still remains among us, a puzzle to

philosophers and a problem to statesmen.

He witnessed the rise, from small beginnings, of

the agitation against slavery, its progress

and final triumph after four years of

bloody civil war.

He lived during the Augustan era of

American literature and read the produc-

tions of Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper,

Bryant, Longfellow, Poe and their fel-

lows in the original editions. He was a

sturdy youngster when Fulton's "Clem-

son" first cleaved the waters of the

Hudson, and was a young man when

the railway was doubted, the telegraph

decried and the telephone undreamt

of. He lived when illuminating gas

was unknown and petroleum unal-

tered.

He was a middle-aged man when gold

was discovered in California and the

modern Argonauts set out upon their

voyages. He has seen the methods of

warfare which prevailed when Wash-

ington was captured and revolutionized.

The flint-lock muzzle loader has given

way to the multiple shot Winchester,

and the horse pistol has been replaced

by the 44-calibre revolver. The white-

washed clippers of the sea have made

way for the swift greyhounds of the

air. Science, cold and exact, has

put a girde about the earth warmer than

that evolved from the burning fancy of

Shakespeare.

Verily, the world upon which Mr.

Meigs looks on the beginning of his

ninth decade is a vastly different one

from that upon which his babyish eyes

opened. It is vastly different from the

world in which, as a young man, he

made his first essay in active business

life. He has seen his own country ad-

vance from a weak and obscure position

to that of one of the Great Powers of

the earth.

And now in the serene evening of a

well-spent life, in the full enjoyment of

green old age, with all his faculties

bright, surrounded by his children and

his children's children, he can look

back to that far-off day when he first

looked upon this century, the path lined

with the splendid scientific achievements

and the moral and material advancements

which make the nineteenth the most

glorious of all the centuries since the

first, and wondering if indeed he has

seen all these things, thank the Creator

that his lines are fallen in such a time

and in such pleasant places.

In common with all his friends, THE

CRITIC wishes the genial nonagenarian

many happy returns of the day.

LAST THURSDAY the New York

Tribune entered upon its fiftieth year.

The paper founded by Horace Greeley

is as a newspaper better than ever, and

as a political journal it is still a power

in the land. Even the appointment of

its editor as Minister to France has not

weakened its political vigor nor dimmed

the brightness of its news columns.

PRETTY SOON THE Democrats will be

charging that the Australian system is a

Republican institution. Wherever it is

## PERSONAL

Mr. S. C. Wells, one of the proprie-

tors of the Philadelphia Press, is regis-

tered at the Langham.

Hon. Samuel Hayes, Columbus, Ohio;

W. A. Bryant, New York; Frank Miller,

Chicago, are at the Langham today.

The Duchess of Eife has a reputation

for making butter.

Major Serpa Pinto, the African ex-

plorer, has left St. Paul de Lourenco for

Lisbon.

Henry Irving will in the autumn

open the private theatre built by Paul

at Craig's Nos, Wales.

Stager, the famous Yale pitcher, will

play baseball this season. He will go

into the ministry eventually.

Mme. Patti, it is said, has an insatiable

appetite for stewed prunes, which she

eats for her complexion.

Ernest Renan, the French philoso-

pher, indulges in a hobby of not riding

in vehicles of any kind, preferring to

walk, although his health is feeble and a

stout cane is necessary to support him.

Walt Whitman, the poet, is seriously

ill. Last week, the bright spring

weather lured him out to a trip along

Camden's business streets in his wheel-

chair. A day or two afterward he

was prostrated with all the symptoms

of the influenza.

Mr. Carroll, an American sportsman,

has returned to Zanzibar from a three

months' hunt in Masailand. He met

with unusual success, 300 head of large

game, including many elephants and

lions, being killed. The caravan suffered

severely from influenza.

Sir Edward Guinness has selected sev-

eral sites in London for the erection of

dwellings for the working classes,

which are to differ from the famous

embodiment of the House of Commons

only in the poorest class of laborers and

that the rent will be almost nominal.

The beautiful Duchess of Marlborough

wears three gold bracelets from which

three gold keys hang in pendant. One

belongs to the House of Commons, the

other two belong to her writing table

and the third to a small sachet, brass-

bound, in which she keeps her locket.

Mr. Gladstone has always been more

scrupulous in his attention to the hum-

bler classes than to the nobility and

wealthy. Once, when prime minister,

he called personally on a tradesman one

Sunday morning to deliver a ticket for

which he had been requested.

Alphonse Daudet, whom Henry

James and other critics consider the

greatest living author, is still a young

man. He has not yet reached his 50th

year. He went to Paris in 1857, with-

out money or friends. His success is

of his own making. Personally he is a

very delightful man, a genial conversa-

tionist, and an agreeable host. His

family consists of a clever wife, two

sons and a daughter. His elder son is

21 years of age. Daudet dedicated his

“Sappho” to his two sons, to be read

when they reached their majority.

THE PETTY HUMORISTS.

Now soon the solemn empire will on the

diamond gleam.

The butt of cursed lust and deep from

each opposing team.

But if he holds as vanities the dross of

the parting won't be hard between the

unhappy and his wife.

Remember, as the empire's life goes out

upon a day.

“It is not all of life to live, or all of death

to die.”—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Miss Fusanfah—Are you going to

Saragosa next summer?

Mr. O'Connell—No, I think I will

stay home and use my head. It will be

quite as expensive, I fancy.—Yonkers

Statesman.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you

like married life?

Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply

delightful. We've been married a

week, and have had eight quarrels, and

I got the best of it every time.—Bostonian.

New Boy (proudly)—My pa's a

noblest. I heard him say so.

Boy on the Other Side of the Fence

(enviably)—My pa is a good deal of

a nobler than yours, an I'll bet I kin

lick you!—Chicago Tribune.

Maudie—Why have you thrown Clara

overboard?

Madge—I couldn't marry a man with a

broken nose.

Maudie—How did his nose get

broken?

Madge—I struck him playing tennis!—Epoch.

I am not fond of the stage, Araminta,”

said Chollic, “but I hear your

father on the stage and I think I'd bet-

ter go before the foot lights.—Bachel.

Written for THE CRITIC.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE PAN-

## A STRANGER'S GRAVE.

Romance of a Slab in the Quiet Old

City of Alexandria.

In the quiet little neighboring town

of Alexandria there is a picturesque and

historic spot which is always pointed

out by the inhabitants to visitors as a

point of more than usual interest. It

is a lonely and ancient-looking marble

slab over a grave in the most picture-

esque portion of old St. Paul's grave-

yard, where the winds sing the dirge

and deathly to the dead through the

tree tops and where the shade is height-

ened by the closely-clustering foliage.

The slab is supported over the mound

by six stone pillars, like a roof, and

bears an inscription in ancient char-

acters that it is “sacred to the memory

of a female stranger,” who was buried

there away back near the beginning of

the present century. There is nothing

on the slab to indicate who she was nor

whence she came, only the statement

that her erie-stricken husband had

erected to her memory and the addi-

tional statement that she died in his

arms.

From what THE CRITIC could learn

of the mysterious case it appears that

many years ago, when Alexandria was

a thriving commercial city and port, a

stranger and his bride arrived one day

on an English ship from foreign shores

and took quarters at the historic old

Bradford House, wherein General

Washington had received while a

young man his original commission in

the British Army from the hands of

General Braddock himself. The

strangers kept to themselves, and the

hotel employees and gossip could not

learn the names of the bride and groom,

they came or whether they were going.

Finally the bride sickened and died,

but still her name and that of her

husband was kept a profound secret. After

some time the bride's body was dis-

covered by the sexton and was

erected over her grave and one night

he quietly disappeared never again to

return.

This set the tongues of the old-

fashioned gossip wagging, and several

theories of the strange case were ad-

vanced by one. One of these was that

the bride was the daughter of a

nobleman and had eloped with one of

her father's servants, or an inferior,

and that the secret was maintained to

prevent detection. Another was that

the young woman was an heiress and

the so-called husband was an assassin

hired to get her out of the way of the

other bride, that he accomplished his

task by means of some subtle poison. At

any rate, the mystery is still unsolved,

and old Alexandrians point to the

stranger's grave, but when they are

asked to explain, gravely shake their

heads.

AN OLD SEA DOG.

Sergeant Doolan's Remarkable Career

in the Marine Corps.

Around the corner from THE CRITIC

office, in the branch of the Sixth Aus-

tlior's office, is a man who has had an

extended and varied career in Uncle

Sam's navy. Sergeant P. Doolan,

although only about 54 years of age,

has served twenty-nine years, seven

months and seven days in the Marine

Corps—considerably more than half of

his life.

He first enlisted in 1833 in the city of

New York. Sergeant Doolan served on

the following old-time ships of war in

his day: The Savannah on the Brazil-

ian station, the Mississippi on the coast

of China in 1857, the Roanoke at the

blockade of Charleston in 1861, the

transport Connecticut, the Mississippi

River, the Albatross, the Albatross, the

battle of Fort Hudson, the Tennessee

with Farragut, where he carried this

old sea dog's dispatches to New Orleans;

the Brooklyn at the battle of Mobile and